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BLOOD AND HONOR

"On Guadalcanal, our Japanese allies have repulsed the Americans and will soon push them off the island. The third Reich has given great aid to the Japanese and in return has received much. This policy of mutual assistance will result in a combined victory."

So spoke a Nazi news commentator, as heard by a B. B. C. monitor.

Things were peaceful on this South Sea island before the finger of war touched it. The sun burned hot and fierce by day, and at night the air was stifling and the insects drove white men mad. But the natives were satisfied, for they asked no favors save a place to live and be happy. Yet here, American boys were now pitted against Japanese boys—all thousands of miles from home.

On one night in particular, the very air seemed hushed as if by expectancy. This was the fateful night of the Japanese thrust across the Tcnaru River to win the island once and for all. Having gained knowledge of this intention beforehand, the American commander stationed machine-gun platoons across the river and bands of soldiers behind them. The fate of the island hung on the ability of these American boys.

The stillness of the night was suddenly broken by movements on the other side of the river. Someone shouted, "Here they come!" and pandemonium broke loose. A lone airplane at treetop level—Heaven knows on whose side it was—screamed over the battlefield, spitting fire. A sweating, begrimed, American infantryman dived automatically into a foxhole a split second before another soldier threw himself in beside him.

When things had quieted down, he stood up, wiped his brow, and offered his buddy a drink. The latter looked at him

—his eyes wide with amazement and then fright. He drew a pistol, but the American was upon him. A gleam of shining steel, a dull thud, and the Jap fell, frantically clawing his bloody chest.

The people of Los Angeles, being on the Pacific side of the United States, are perhaps more war-conscious than most other Americans—at least as far as the battle against the Japanese is concerned. The shelling of their coast by enemy submarine stiffened their attitude and *shot* War Bond sales to an unprecedented high. Therefore, when the call came from the Marines for small arms and knives, so valuable in jungle warfare, the people were only too glad to give.

A more varied array of knives he never saw, said the man employed to inspect the knives and determine their condition. Here was a Bowie knife—probably the donation of a Texas plainsman. There glittered a Spanish stiletto—no doubt intended for Fascists, wherever they might be. A third was still more interesting. On the handle was inscribed in tiny letters "Blut und Ehre"—Blood and Honor, the motto of the Hitler Youth Legion. One could well imagine a young fanatical Nazi, one hand on the handle of the knife, the other hand saluting his equally fanatical Führer. Yes, our boys overseas would put these to good use.

The morning after the battle, even the sun seemed to pour forth its joy. For the enemy had been beaten back, and the island had been won. The horrors of the night over, weary Americans everywhere dropped to their knees and thanked God for His protection.

Headquarters was a bit perked up. A salvage officer had arrived, and he had

sent out small groups of soldiers to bring in anything that could be saved. Great must have been the astonishment of two youths, thus sent out, to find in a foxhole one of the enemy—dead and clutching the handle of a blood-stained knife that had been imbedded in his chest. The taller of the two, a more mature and serious fellow, pushed back the

fingers stiff with death and pulled the bloody weapon free. Then, after cleaning it, he examined it more closely. "I guess this must be some of the help they're supposed to be getting from the Germans. Look what it says on the handle—'Blut und Ehre.'"

HAROLD W. SEIFER, '44

THE MERCHANT MARINE

The tired, dirty gray tramp steamer, the SUTHERLAND, had just crept into Boston Harbor. Being a reporter, I was one of the few allowed on the SUTHERLAND before she docked. Sensing a good story behind the steamer's last voyage, I managed to speak to the chief engineer. Here is his story as I remember it:

"We set sail from Boston Harbor on the night of February 15, 1943. Since we were sailing under sealed orders, none of us knew our destination. Fifty miles out the captain called the first mate and myself.

"Men," he said, 'we're sailing for Dutch Harbor. We join a convoy off Seattle. That's all.'

"Thus in about a dozen words the captain told us our jobs for the next five weeks. During the first fifteen days we had smooth sailing, and by the first of March we reached Seattle. There we picked up our convoy. The men grew tense. They knew that the trouble was just starting; that in a few days they were going into waters infested with Jap submarines.

"I will never forget," the engineer continued, "the night of March fourth. I was down in the hold, when I heard the submarine alarm go off. Since we were less than a day's journey from Seattle, I thought it was only a test. However, I soon learned different. Suddenly the boat was hit, and it seemed as if all Hell had broken loose. The lighting system

went out, and the emergency lights flicked on. It was then that we took count.

"On my side of the ship there was nothing the matter. However, I learned from the first mate that the bow was hit badly and that we were listing. The captain told us that we were to make the necessary repairs; but in doing so, we would have to leave the convoy. Within twelve hours the damage was repaired, and we started again, but alone, for Dutch Harbor.

"The captain decided that our only means of reaching safety was to zig-zag until we reached our destination. As each hour crept by, a feeling of imminent danger seemed to hover over us. The men became grim, knowing full well what was in store for them. We were now but 250 miles from our destination, about nineteen more hours. And then it happened!

"'Periscope off the port bow,' was the cry which startled us.

"The men jumped to their stations, but we were utterly defenseless as we were unarmed. 'Sparks', down in the radio room, was frantically sending out an S. O. S. in the hope that some one of our warships might pick it up, but we knew that help from that source was slim.

"For about ten or fifteen minutes the sub stalked us, until she decided that we were not worth wasting a torpedo on

Finally she surfaced, intending to knock us off with her deck gun. She fired two shots, but both fell short of their mark. But then the sub's gun crew got the range. The next shell fell amidships and started a blaze there. The fourth and fifth made gaping holes in our sides.

"Then the miracle happened! A Coast Guard cutter appeared off the horizon. The Jap sub spotted her, too; for they fired but one more shell and then crash-dived. The cutter came splashing by, dumping in its wake—ashcans.

"The men partially repaired the damage, so that the captain signalled the cutter. The cutter undertook to convoy

us the rest of the journey; and, like a mother hen, hovering over her chicks, she led us to the harbor. We unloaded our cargo and sent our wounded to the base hospital, to have their injuries attended to. Fortunately we had to leave but one man behind.

"We were then ordered to proceed home with our original convoy. The return journey was uneventful. Well, here we are! That is all. We did our job."

"We did our job!" Indeed a great slogan for America's unsung heroes, the men of the Merchant Marine.

MARTIN MONDLICK, '44

SEVEN YEARS WITH THE WRONG DENTIST

or

YOU'RE GETTING RAGGETY HAGGETY

(Dedicated, appropriately enough, to MY dentist with all respect.)

The waiting-room sagged under the strain of so many anxious minds. A woman was nervously thumbing through the latest copy of the "Police Gazette," while an elderly, important-looking gentleman seemed intensely interested in an article in "The Red Book." A young chap, wearing large, horn-rimmed, bifocal glasses, shook in a fit of hysterical laughter. He was reading the latest copy of the "Register".

Suddenly, the office door opened, and the usual smiling, gloating nurse pointed to the woman, who let out a horrified gasp. For some reason, the unfortunate woman seemed to have an air of reluctance as she left. A shriek of pain! And the woman came faltering out.

"You're next!" The nurse pointed to the old gentleman. A cry of anguish; and he came hobbling out. Next, the boy genius. A mighty roar. . . . The dentist came crawling out.

And so ends another day in the life of a dentist. He is a good man, a hard-

worker who earns his living by the sweat of his patients. He pays his poll tax, and on cool, summer evenings even volunteers for Air Raid Warden duty when Adeline has the "girls" over for bridge. He does his bit for humanity as best he can and is universally loved by all. (How I'd love to get him alone in a dark alley some night.)

The next day the same three happy, glowing faces were again in the dentist's office. Time passed. It grew late; but no dentist. Then, with that sudden, fiery determination common to all Latin School boys, the child genius burst into the torture chamber. And there on the floor . . . the dentist, blood streaming from his clavicle. What a wonderful sight—I mean, how ghastly! How horrible! Then, in a remarkable example of split-second thinking, the boy wonder, from B. L. S., taking in the whole situation at a glance, immediately summoned the *bulls*—er *cops*.—I mean *officers*.

"Awright, which one of you mugs did it, huh? C'mon; talk." It was the sweet, dulcet, imploring voice of Inspector

"Butch" O'Callahan, just arrived from headquarters.

"Please, sir," moaned the unfortunate woman; "please give me back my *Police Gazette* and let me go home. I didn't do it. Please let me go back to my T. N. T. plant. I just remembered I left the gas on."

"Oh, awright; awright; go on, beat it." The Inspector had a way with women, and he knew it.

"Now you," he pointed to the harmless old gentleman. "What's your alibi?"

"If you'll excuse me, sir, I have no alibi."

"What? No alibi? Oh, a wise guy, huh? Lock him up; I'll see him later."

"Now, Einstein, what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Really, now, sir, do I look like the type to . . . oh, well, anyway, I didn't do it and won't do it again. But, please sir, lock me up, anyway; will ya?"

"Oh, no ya don't, wise guy. I've got a worse fate for you. You're going back to school and become a table captain."

"Oh no, no. Anything but that. Please, sir; have mercy."

"Get him outta here," roared the worthy protector of Law and Order. "Now let me see. According to the files here, this guy has had at least five thousand patients. Man, oh man, five thou-

sand suspects."

Two o'clock the next morning we find the inspector tiptoeing up the boarding-house stairs, just returning from visiting a sick aunt. Yes, she's doing very well, thank you. He passed a restless night that morning. "Who coulda done it?" The words kept whirling around in his muddled mind.

Suddenly the alarm clock struck ten. The inspector leaped out of bed, shouting gleefully, "I have it; I have the murderer." And putting his mustache on, he dashed down to headquarters.

"O. K., bring her in," he snarled. "So you thought you'd outwit me, did you? Well, you're quite a CARD. In fact, you're the PICK OF THE PACK. And I know how to DEAL with your kind. Take her away."

Now I suppose you're wondering who did it, huh? Well, now wouldn't you like to know? Huh? Oh, all right; I'll tell you who did it. His mother-in-law. He said she had teeth like the stars. They come out at night, you know? So she punctured his sternum.

Why am I allowed out without a leash? I don't know; I really don't know.

"All's Well That Ends."

MAURICE G. KOLOVSON, '44



TO GIVE OR NOT TO LIVE

Across the far seas, our brothers are daily giving their lives. They do not stop to ask: "What's in it for me?" or "Why should I do this?" They all know that their country's safety has been endangered. Here at home, we are asked not to give our lives, but to lend our money. By so doing, we can hasten the day for our buddies' return, and meet with them on the athletic field instead of the battlefield. We are still on the sidelines. It is our job to cheer our team to victory; to cheer them with War Bonds and Stamps.

For the next two months Latin School's quota is \$8,035. If every boy does his share, we will easily attain our goal. We can; we must; we will. We ought to give and thereby live.

THE UNBELIEVERS

"Post-war planning is of no avail, because the world, at some time or other, will always be in a state of war. Nothing can be done about it; there will be another conflict in the next twenty years."

Many hold fast to this opinion and think him revolutionary who believes that war is not inevitable; peace, impossible; and all peace proposals vain. To them the chronicles of history, recording century upon century of conflicts among nations, are portents of coming events. The unbelievers, citing the cold facts and statistics, come to the conclusion that we must forever submit, without opposition, to war. The toll of human lives, destruction of property, and the chaos brought about by the war are too gruesome not to attempt averting it.

That there must be a war every quarter of a century is not an immutable axiom. In a world banded closer together by science, the necessity for living harmoniously and without continual conflict with other countries is greater than ever before. This need can be satisfied by global coöperation in a League of Nations, which has, as an active participant, the United States of America. One of the main reasons why the last League of Nations did not succeed was the failure of America to lend its powerful support. The reactionary and isolationist factions in this country defeated all moves towards our employing the great influence which we possess.

Plans must be formed, and they must be formed now. Some may suggest that our chief concern at the moment is winning the war, not making plans. What is the use of winning the war if we lose the peace? Although they themselves may not realize it, the people who look with scorn or, what is even worse, with indifference upon such important measures are urging a state of unpreparedness. The result of such a lack of foresight was uncovered by the Mussolini affair. When the downfall of Mussolini occurred, the United Nations showed inadequate preparation by their inconsistent policy towards King Victor Emanuel and Marshal Badoglio; when the downfall of Germany and Japan occurs, let us not again be inadequately prepared to the situation. This certainly will result in another war in the next twenty years.

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LATIN PERSONALITIES

This column has been instituted for the purpose of bringing before Latin School students interesting notes on the lives of our many teachers, students, and alumni.

During the past spring and summer, Mr. Mahan of Room 204 was working as a garden supervisor for the Boston Victory Garden Committee. After organizing and supervising the community gardens in East Boston and Charlestown, Mr. Mahan was assigned to the Franklin Park Playstead community gardens for the summer months, where 1100 individual garden plots were under cultivation and which produced \$20,000 worth of vegetables. While he was at the Park, Mr. Mahan reports meeting dozens of Latin School boys and their parents, many of whom were amateur gardeners in this huge community project. Stating that he enjoyed the work greatly, Mr. Mahan is looking with anticipation for even greater success in the Victory Garden Campaign of 1944.

Mr. Sands of Room 214 spent an enjoyable summer visiting his two sons, Major Charles Sands, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Virginia; and Frederick Sands, Montgomery, Pa.

Masters Wilbur, Sheehan, Kozodoy, Falvey, and Brickley, of Rooms 219, 220, 221, 222, and 317 respectively, helped the War Effort by cultivating Victory Gardens.

Mr. Neville of Room 218, spent the summer teaching Summer School, engaging in big game hunting for butter and meat, and being reclassified several times.

A Town Meeting of the Air Broadcast will take place on December 9th, on a coast-to-coast hookup from Latin School. One boy will represent the city of Boston

on this program, and it is hoped that he will be from Latin School. He will be picked by a series of Junior Town Meetings in each Boston High and Latin School. Dr. John Collins of Room 207 is in charge here. . . . The first elimination trials found the following successful contestants eligible for a Junior Town Meeting of the Air:

Shulman, Herbert L. (334); Sullivan, James J. (219); MacGovern, Kevin F. (219); Silverstein, Joseph (219), and as alternate, Collier, Chester F. (235). The Judges were Mr. Marson, Mr. Mahan, and Dr. Callanan.

During the summer Dr. Galline made an interesting study of the ancient Icelandic language. He had a short rest in Rochester, New York, after visiting the University of Pittsburgh in Pennsylvania, and the many museums of Philadelphia. Dr. Galline spent a short time in translating messages for the International Red Cross.

Mr. F. C. Cleary, our faculty manager, is very glad that the war has not interfered with the athletic program to date. He claims the war has taken away many of his other pleasures, but he can still enjoy a good Latin School football game. Incidentally, he has missed only one Latin-English game since 1923.

Several members of the faculty have spent much of their time in Civilian Defense activities: Mr. Powers, our headmaster; Dr. Callanan, Mr. F. C. Cleary, Mr. Dunn, Mr. Patten, and Mr. McGuffin. All were lecturers in schools of Air Raid Wardens.

We hope this column will thrive as time goes on and we are able to gather material concerning Latin School men and boys. If you have any interesting facts, given them to B. P. MacGovern, Room 115.

OUR ROLE

"The beginning of wisdom is, Get wisdom: and with all thou hast gotten, get understanding."

The post-war days will undoubtedly be among the most important in the history of the world. Let no one minimize them! Our nation is today passing through a primary crisis: we have finally taken the initiative. We have yet to travel a long, difficult road before we are able to realize fully the fruition of our prayers, hopes, and aspirations — complete military victory and the achievement of a lasting peace, which all the decent peoples of the world have so long been yearning for.

Today two roads lie before us. The first of these roads leads to an era of economic abundance, personal security, and happiness such as mankind has never before dreamed of. This road also leads to international coöperation, thereby ending forever the scourge of war. The second road leads to greater wars, to impoverishment and misery, to chaos and confusion, which would probably end in the total eclipse of our "way of life" and in the destruction of our civilization. We are today fighting a titanic war for our very existence. But the intelligent and free people of the world hope and believe that some day, somehow, men can and will mature—that they can and will learn to live not by violence, by fighting, but by reason and understanding and coöperation; that bigotry and persecution will vanish from the earth; and that all men, regardless of race, creed, or color, will be "brothers" in the true sense of the word.

Here at Latin School, and in the universities and high schools all over the country, students are being prepared for the role they must inevitably play in the winning of the war and in the winning

of the peace. Our generation is going to play a most important part in the history of the world. In future days men will look back upon our deeds and will either extol us for the kind of world we handed down to them, or will blame us bitterly for the chaos which we presented them.

Today we must prepare ourselves for the overwhelming task which will be ours. In what way? Only by acquiring treasures which no one can rob us of—knowledge, wisdom, tolerance, and understanding. Here at school we gain these treasures in our classrooms, in our sports, and in our extra-curricular activities. Soon we shall take our place in this country. A nation can be only as strong as its citizens—for we, the citizens, are the government. The nation that has educated people is the only one that can prosper under a democratic government. That is why we are today a truly great nation.

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her and happy is every one that retaineth her."

WILLIAM ROSEN, '44

READ & WHITE

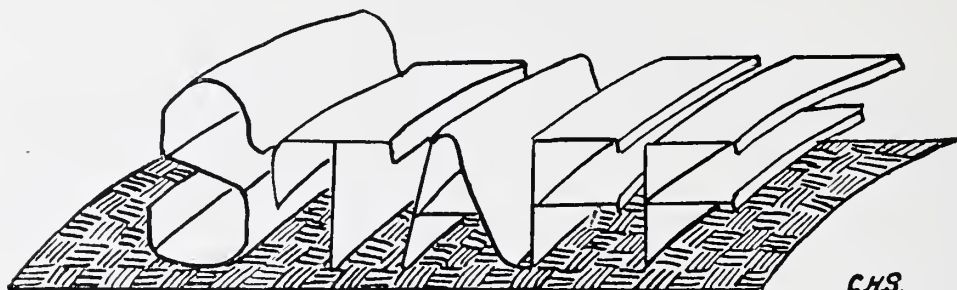
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THE RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER



Sept. 8: Little do the little tikes in Classes IV B and VI, who registered today, realize what they're getting into. But WE know, don't we?

Sept. 9: Odd sounds arise in homes throughout Boston. Sighs, screams, groans and hysterical laughter. . . . Les portes s'ouvrent . . . Entrez!

Sept. 10: The initiations of Classes IV B and VI are proceeding according to plan. What are the Seniors going to put under their pictures? Today's notice has stopped all club meetings for the year.

Sept. 13: Today we came out of retirement. Work started, and home-lessons were assigned. The REGISTER sent out a call for new members of the circulation staff, better known as REGISTER fiends, from Classes I, II, and III.

Sept. 14: Well, fellow-lovers of music—today is a great day in the history of B.L.S. music. Get out the earmuffs, because new pianists and violin players have been called for by Mr. Finn; and Mr. Wagner has called the school orchestra together for its first rehearsal. All joking aside, we wish them the success that they have enjoyed in former years.

Sept. 15: The year is slowly moving along. Nothing new has been discovered except more home-lessons. Today is the exception, however, because a hitherto unknown has made a startling discovery, namely, that mothballs have an obvious odor most of the time. Well, Murphy, we expect you to show M.I.T. what true B.L.S. genius is.

Sept. 16: Union Local 107 has called the first meeting of the *tin knockers* and *boiler-makers* (drum and bugle corps) in the Drill Hall. Those who want to study during home-room periods had better go to another school. . . . A call has been sent out for volunteers to act as captains in the lunchroom.

Sept. 17: Today I found three Seniors who aren't running for office: Two are going to English, and one can't write. *Heard in 108 at 10:01:*

Teacher: "You should have been here at 10 o'clock."

Tardy Student: "Why, what happened?"

Sept. 20: Captains, report to your commander - in - chief immediately. Your duty is to see to it that no boy may enter the lunchroom without first having the second pass cancelled, in order that the first pass may be renewed in place of the third, and then make sure that all old passes have been turned in, so that new passes may be printed on the back of them. Translated: Starve, fellow-students;—or bring your own.

Sept. 21: Col. Penney has finished appointing all the officers. Oh, well, I'll be all the more accustomed to the term "private". . . . Mr. Dunn explained the finances of Class I. Cheaper to be in Class II, ain't it?

Sept. 22: The REGISTER fiends met today to discuss the proper way to receive \$1.10 in a quiet way from each student. The old way of clubbing and cutting up into pieces has been ordered abandoned for the duration. Why not shoot each complainer for what he has?

Sept. 24: Your R. R. R. today heard the German word for war tank: *Scheutengrabenvernichtungs automobil*. Boy, am I glad to be an American!

Sept. 27: A warning has been issued that all boys that misbehave in a certain place will be promoted to the rank of captain. . . . Physics classes are going along smoothly. It is surprising how many fellows in 319 have "Young" for a first name, especially "Young" Young of 301.

Sept. 28: Two Class VI boys got into an argument over their respective abilities. Finally, one of them, thoroughly exasperated, cried out: "Without exception I think you are the most conceited ass I have ever had the misfortune to know!" "Silence, there!" called the teacher. "You seem to forget that I am in the room."

Sept. 29: Class declamation will no longer be part of the English courses, although public declamation will proceed according to the usual manner.

Sept. 30:

Mr. Cray: If you volunteer for recitations, your mark will take care of itself.

R. R. R.: But, sir, my mark is too small to take care of itself.

Mr. Cray: You mean it should have a legal guardian 'til it reaches 21.

Oct. 1: Your R. R. R., snooping around today got his nose caught in the door of 117. Atwood, you're a hard man!

Oct. 4: Class I now knows why no declamation is required in their class. Shakespeare has written many great plays, such as "Hamlet" and "Macbeth". In these plays are parts well worth learning. Oh, woe is me.

Oct. 5: The second day of campaigning, and each aspirant to office is just short by one vote. They beg, plead, and get down on their knees. If they don't have any success, knives are put into operation. Nomination signatures are beginning to change hands, with the owner's consent, of course.

Oct. 6: Mr. Wenners announced that all Seniors must pay at least \$3.65 in order to appear in the year-book. Perhaps he should have asked for our heads. Don't forget we have already contracted a debt for our rings.

Oct. 7: The librarian at Copley Square wanted to know if I wanted Virgil in the original Latin (*Silly girl!*).

Oct. 8: Latin swam through Trade today.

Score: 12—000000.

Oct. 11: You shouldn't say such things, Mr. Marson; it's only 4 o'clock—and the printer is open until five!



NEW

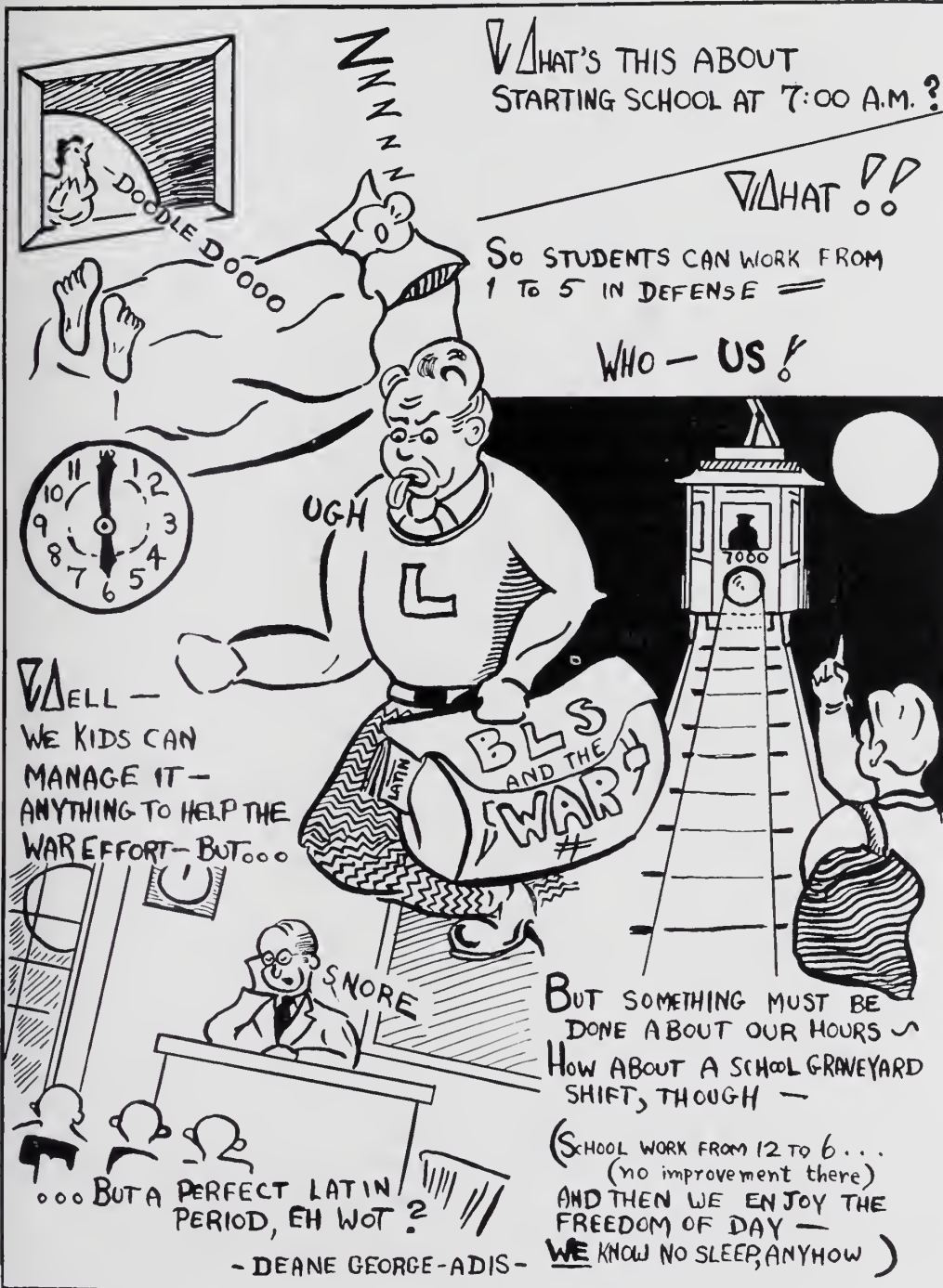
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BOOKS

BOOK CLEARING HOUSE

423 BOYLSTON STREET

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MEMORABILIA

October, 1888: Volume VIII of the REGISTER was the first one issued in pamphlet form; prior to this it had been folded. For the first time, a beautiful cover appeared; in fact, a half page is devoted to interpretations of the inspiring design. But, sad to say, some art-lover made off with the cover, and it is lost to B. L. S. students. . . . Forty-five years ago, the enrollment in Class I was 42; Class II, 53; Class III, 90; Class IV, 72; Class V, the awesome total of 144; and Class VI, 79 members. People evidently weren't as studious in those days as we are now. . . . Drill officers were elected by their classmates and treated to dozens of free sodas by prospective sergeants (an article tells how eager for insignia the boys were). Skill in handling the "musket" was considered very helpful.

October, 1903: Back in those dark ages the REGISTER sold for fifty cents per year. . . . An editorial states that "The Literary Journal," the first magazine, was a weekly founded in 1829. Many papers were tried, the first ones getting material from outside sources. Magazines depending wholly on B. L. S. talent usually died with the graduation of their staffs. . . .

. . . Pupils returning to the Warren Avenue school in 1903 were greeted with \$30,000 worth of repairs. The walls had been painted a dark green, which the physicians said was very bad. Perhaps the students didn't like the interior of the school either. Modern plumbing was installed, including showers for the football players. . . . It was noted with pleasure that many of the pupils and masters were becoming interested in ornithology, the study of birds—"a very educational pastime." . . . Nobody was asked to attend football games; it was

considered a school duty—an unwritten law. . . . There was no exchange column in the magazine, despite the fact that over one hundred papers were received, including one from China. . . . The prize drill maneuvers included the various positions of the bayonet. Strange to say, there was no list of impaled students.

October, 1918: Athletic training was made compulsory. . . . Seniors could no longer drop drill in favor of study periods. This was the time when drill uniforms were changed from Civil War blue to the Spanish War khaki and the style which we know today. . . . Six B. L. S. alumni had been killed in France during the "War-to-end-wars". . . . Daylight savings was a new idea, and quite a bother in October, 1918. Nobody knew about January mornings in World War II. . . . The REGISTER had gone up to seventy-five cents a year. . . . A page of jokes was very entertaining, but too "corny" to quote. Bob Hope told one of these last spring.

October, 1928: Two thousand pupils entered B. L. S., proving that "classical training is becoming more and more popular." It was so popular that some classes were held across the street in High School of Commerce. . . . The arrival of Mr. Dunn as librarian was greeted with jubilation. Some students were concerned over the migratory habits of books in the library. . . . An unbiased article about the forth-coming election was completely fair. Hoover was mentioned four times as often as Smith.

October, 1938: The REGISTER spread the news that the schoolboys whose sledding was stopped by a British general as a prelude to the Revolution attended B. L. S. . . . Of even greater importance was the disclosure that it is to

Headmaster Gould that we owe everlasting thanks for our present system of misdemeanor marks. . . .

. . . The first photo contest was announced and the popular candy counter was abolished. Some of you Seniors tried to get on the football team when in the sixth class! Things being dull, the "Raving Reporter" wished for a hurricane, or something, and had his wish granted.

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ORGANIZATIONS

THE REGISTER:

Due to circumstances beyond the control of the staff, the REGISTER got off to a late start this year. Messrs. Marson and Wenmers had set the deadline before the staff really got rolling. . . .

. . . Mr. Marson, as usual, advises the literary staff (in the armed forces they call it CENSOR). Mr. Wenmers is again handling the business end of the magazine. . . .

. . . A three-second interview with several of the managers and editors netted us these interesting facts:

Q. Mr. Liss, as circulation manager, what is your aim?

A. Our aim is 100 per cent circulation!

(*The scene shifts to the sanctum of Snyder, the advertising manager.*)

Q. Mr. Snyder, what is your aim this year?

A. . . Girl . . . uh, uh, Oh, you mean the REGISTER. My aim is 48 pages of advertising per issue. *Thence to H. Steeger's studio;*

Q. Mr. Steeger, as art editor, what is your aim this year?

A. My aim is the "Steeger Girl" on every page.

All Mr. Kolovson, a member of the executive committee had to say was, "Yes"! . . .

. . . At the first meeting of the circulation staff, a good sized turn-out delighted the managers. After a little work was handed out, however, the staff shrank about 25 per cent. The most efficient working size of the staff is about twenty-five members. Experience (of former staffs) has proved that this is the most efficient number that can work together. Since this is about fifteen less than now are on the staff, a still further "cut" is necessary. Membership on the staff is on a purely competitive basis. Positions are still open for those who are

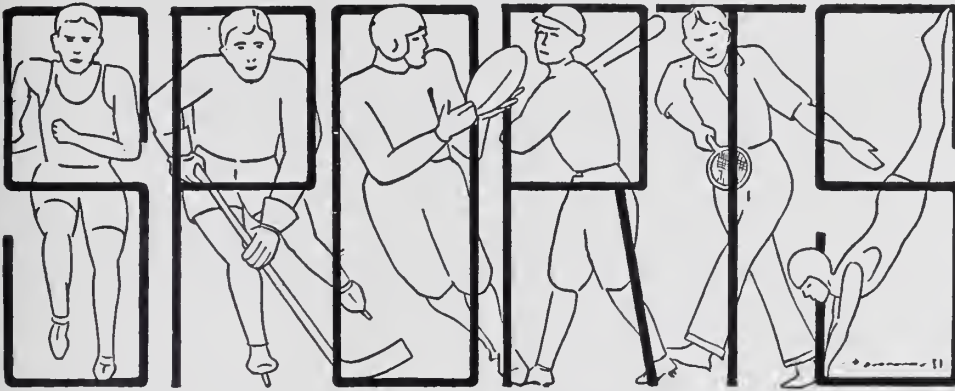
willing to give freely of their time and effort.

The literary staff of the REGISTER is on a slightly different basis. Instead of managers, there is an "executive board," otherwise known as the "dummy committee." Members get on the literary staff by virtue of their having written two or more acceptable (to Mr. Marson) stories or articles. The art staff is open to all comers on this basis also. Columns are assigned to the applicants for them, and the best or the best excerpts are published. At this point let it be known that any one who is "out for" the R. R. R. (for purposes of mayhem or worse) will have a tough nut to crack, unless he has a personal army. *Ye R. R. R. is ye R. R. R. R. R. or R⁵.*

The object of the literary staff this year, as well as other years, is to provide a magazine, not only interesting and entertaining to all members of the school, but also of high literary caliber. Since the ages and interests of the students in this school vary greatly, this is never an easy task. The fact that most boys have little extra time in which to write does not help, either. Mr. Marson sees to it that all the material he passes is worthy of publication. The varied personalities and interests of the writers see to it that the material is varied enough to suit almost every one.

As usual the cheery optimist, Mr. Marson (the, to struggling young scribes, omnipotent) looks over his staff and says with conviction, "Well, I think we may, with Divine help, get a few passable issues of the REGISTER this year—maybe."

(*Note: Next month, perhaps we may have enough material from the musical organizations and others—*—still operating.*)



B. L. S. 12 TRADE 0

Oct. 8: A surprisingly powerful Latin aggregation successfully opened its 1943 football season with a smashing 12-0 triumph over Trade. B. L. S. swept to its hard-fought victory, paced by the efforts of "Wally" Harwood and "Bill" Gallagher, who took turns in ripping the Trade line to shreds.

Trade kicked off, and the ball was brought up to the B. L. S. 40-yard stripe on a nice run by Harwood. True to tradition Latin punted on first down. Tessier's kick was a beauty, and the ball was put in play on the Trade 30. After an exchange had placed Trade in the shadow of its own goal-posts, the Trade punter got off a poor kick that went out of bounds on his own 25. At this point "Wally" Harwood took over and scored the first B. L. S. touchdown of the current season on a spectacular run around his own right flank. He was aided by some fine blocking that enabled him to score standing up. His try for the extra point hit the crossbar, but failed to go over, and the first period ended shortly thereafter, with the Latin forces on the long end of a 6-0 count.

The second period was uneventful, as neither team had any real opportunities to score. The kicking of Tessier and Mc-Morrow proved to be the high spots of a rather dull quarter. The first half ended with Latin in possession of the ball on its

own 40-yard line.

The third period was auspiciously opened with a 32-yard runback of the kickoff by Harwood, who was finally brought to earth on the Latin 37. Lou Tessier got off a beautiful quick kick that was downed by our fleet-footed ends on the Trade 28-yard marker. This 'kick and pray' policy proved to be the pattern of the whole third quarter, which ended with Latin still leading by dint of its early score.

A sustained drive midway in the fourth period, sparked by the fine running of "Bill" Gallagher and Harwood, carried Latin from its own 39 to the Trade 3 in eight plays. Gallagher hit the line for the necessary three yards and a touchdown. The try for the extra point was blocked, and Latin led 12-0.

The lineup follows:

Left End—Shields, Scanlon, Turley.

Left Tackle—O'Neil, Del Bianco.

Left Guard—R. Murphy, Sternburg.

Center—A. O'Connor, J. O'Connor.

Right Guard—Kolovson, Amsie, Nelson.

Right Tackle—Garvin, Del Bianco, Levy.

Right End—Donovan, Scanlon, O'Malley, McNulty, Regan.

Quarterback — Gallagher, Darman, Bronstein.

Left Half Back—Dacey, Gallagher, Rodman.

Right Half Back—Tessier, McMor-
row.

Fullback—Harwood.

DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

Coach Fitzgerald's apparent "kick and wait for a break" policy is a nice thing when two kickers like Tessier and McMorrow are around to cause the opposition plenty of headaches. . . . "Billy" Gallagher played like an inspired man while backing up the line; on one play late in the last period he tackled a Trade back so ferociously that I thought the ground would be strewn with teeth. . . . Seen at the game were three former B. L. S. stars now in uniform: Tommy Sullivan, who will long be remembered for his thrilling touch-down jaunt against English High, "Al" Kelley, and "Bill" Murdoch. . . . Arthur Amsie, 'Generalissimo, Grand Imperial Marshal', and chief member of Mr. McGuffin's executive board governing the lunchroom, saw some action as a sub for "Maury" Kolovson. Let us all hope that "Art" will do as good a job of taking care of the opposing linemen as he is doing in taking care of our illustrious 'salle à manger! . . .

The Purple and White has a good line. They are fast and powerful. Kolovson, Gavrin, and Donovan can really charge—O'Neil filled in well for Brown at left tackle. The latter is out with strained muscles. Branche is also on the injured list. He has a chipped elbow.

. . . The boys were really anxious to win this one for the physical beating they took from Trade last season, even though B. L. S. won, 6-0. In last year's tilt, Paul Kelly suffered a broken collarbone, while Bill Dacey, No. 1 blocking

back this year, broke his leg. . . .

. . . "Rebel Rob" Murphy received a nasty gash under the eye in the first half. You can't keep this red head down long, though, and just watch him go from now on. . . .

. . . Add this to your list of famous mottoes: "If at first you don't succeed, appeal, appeal, again." No, no, I'm serious, Bill. . . .

. . . Coming out of the huddle once, "Placid Pete" Garvin was heard to remark to his opponent, "Notice how my complexion has changed since last year, Joe?" . . .

. . . English High also played the same day. Coach Ohrenberger, the English coach, was apparently dissatisfied with his team's showing. "Whatsa matter with you guys?" he growled at his team between halves. "You're playing like a bunch of amateurs." . . .

. . . Late reports of last year's squad members have "Hank" Noonan at Fort McClellan, Alabama; "Bunzo" Burns in Missouri in the Air Corps, and "Johnny" Flynn back at the Newport, R. I. naval base after a sojourn at Norfolk, Va. "Hawk" Kelly is in the Army, "Al" Peters is at B. C.; while Albie Gould was last seen at a down-town movie. . . .

. . . When "Big Red" Dacey complained to the referee about an opponent damaging our kicker, the latter asked if they were playing too rough for him. "Dace" nearly exploded. . . .

. . . You fellows who think the boys on the squad don't appreciate a crowd of Latin rooters out there are greatly mistaken. Come on out to the next game and give YOUR team a little support. They're out there playing for you.

B. L. S. - 32; BRIGHTON - 0

October 15: Boston Latin's undefeated, untied, and unscored-upon powerhouse swept to a smashing 32-0 triumph today over Brighton High. This impressive victory, coupled with the splendid performance in the Trade game, earmark this year's B. L. S. eleven as one of the best in recent years.

The rout had its beginning early in the first period. With the Latin forces entrenched on the Brighton 35 by virtue of Tessier's talented kicking toe, "Pete" Garvin, who was outstanding all afternoon, smashed off-center for five yards. "Bill" Gallagher, another Latin spark-plug, slashed off-tackle for 10 more, bringing the oval to the 20-yard stripe. At this point "Wally" Harwood took over and with sensational interference sped around his own right flank to the Brighton 2. Garvin ploughed through the middle for the touchdown. "Bob" Brown was sent in to convert, but failed; Latin now led, 6-0. There was no further scoring in the first period, as neither team seriously threatened its opponent's goal-line.

Tessier's punt, at the very start of the second quarter, was fumbled and subsequently recovered by Latin on the Brighton 25. Without further ado, Gallagher sprinted around end for the score. Once again Brown's conversion failed, and the B. L. S. boys were out in front to the tune of 12-0. The indirect factor leading to Latin's third score was a 45-yard punt by "Pete" Garvin, that rolled out of bounds on the Brighton six-yard marker. The return kick carried only to the Brighton 37. It was here that "Bill" Dacey promptly proceeded to take up the burden where Gallagher and Harwood had left off. He smashed off tackle on a fake reverse to the 30. After Bronstein and Garvin had

each gained five more yards, Dacey, on the same fake reverse that he had used three plays before, went twenty yards for Latin's third score. Brown's conversion was no good, and Latin led 18-0. The half ended soon after.

The fourth Latin touchdown came midway in the third quarter. Saul Bronstein, who had started the second half as a substitute for Harwood, intercepted a Brighton aerial on his own 35-yard line and sprinted 65 yards down the sidelines for a score. This was probably the most sensational play of the contest and was made possible through the brilliant downfield blocking of the Latin linemen. "Wally" Harwood was inserted to convert and nonechalantly proceeded to kick the first extra point made by Latin during the current season. The score now stood at Latin, 25; Brighton, 0. This ended the third period.

Our final t. d. came late in the last period and was the direct result of fine running by "Lou" Tessier and Sumner Darman. Darman successfully rushed the extra point and the game ended B. L. S., 32; Brighton, 0.

October 15:

Left End—Regan, Scanlon, Turley, Kenney.

Left Tackle—J. O'Neil, Field, Del Bianco, Brown.

Left Guard—Shields, Nelson, Amsie, Goode.

Center—J. O'Connor, A. O'Connor, E. O'Neil.

Right Guard—Sternburg, Donovan, Dempsey, McLaughlin.

Right Tackle — Kolovson, Hunter, Mueller.

Right End—Parsons, Hogan, O'Malley, Rodman.

Quarterback — Gallagher, Bronstein,

Darman, Cogliano.

Left Half Back—Garvin, Levy, Rodman.

Right Half Back—Tessier, Dacey.

Fullback—Harwood, Hogan, Collins.

Drops from the Showers—Hd to Kum

Coach Fitzgerald's rejuvenated line that started the game opened gaps in the enemy forward wall that were large enough for a tank. Shields and Donovan, converted ends, played exceptionally well at guards, and "Morrie" Kolovson played his usual steady game at tackle. . . . "Bud the Killer" Regan, who started at left end, played a fine game and executed several "ferociously vicious" tackles. On one occasion he

tackled a punt receiver so wholeheartedly that the Brighton lad had to be carried off the field. This all leads me to believe that Mr. Regan is a U. S. army tank in disguise. . . . "Lou" Tessier startled the football world by carrying the ball on several occasions in the final period. His running prowess proved to be on a par with his kicking talent, as he scored the last touchdown. . . .

Heard in the Locker Room between Halves:

Coach: That was a nice kick you made, Garvin. Out of bounds on the six-yard line, I believe.

Garvin: Oh, yes, sir; I was aiming for that spot all the time.

B. L. S. - 18; DORCHESTER - 7

Thursday, October 21: After failing to capitalize on several scoring opportunities in the first half, the Latin powerhouse finally began to generate touchdowns in the last two periods and overcame a hard-fighting Dorchester eleven 18-7. It was "Billy" Gallagher who proved to be the thorn in the side of Dorchester all afternoon, as he tallied all three of Latin's scores.

The fumbling epidemic that seized Latin in the early stages of the game was inaugurated when Dorchester recovered Harwood's fumble of a punt deep in Latin territory. The gallant Latin line held for downs, and B. L. S. took over on its own 25. With the wind blowing in his face Garvin could only kick to the 43, while the return punt went out of bounds on Latin's 16. On the second play from scrimmage Garvin fumbled, and once again Dorchester recovered. Gallagher stopped the drive by intercepting a pass on the thirty-yard line. After an exchange of kicks had entrenched the Purple and White forces on the Dorchester 44, Walter Harwood sped off tackle for thirty-seven yards to the 7.

Dorchester's line tore a page out of Latin's book and held for downs. Latin had several other chances to score but could not push the ball across the last white line; and the Dorchester end-zone remained unpenetrated as the half ended.

The opening kickoff in the second half was brought up to the Dorchester 47 on a nice run by Gallagher. An exchange of punts put Latin on the Dorchester 34, where Harwood passed to Gallagher for thirteen yards. A series of line plunges advanced the oval to the 5, and a Harwood-to-Gallagher aerial in the end zone accounted for the first score of the afternoon. The try for extra point was no good, and Latin led to the tune of 6-0.

Murphy's recovery of a fumble and a subsequent exchange of kicks placed the ball on the Dorchester 19. After two line plunges had gained nil, Gallagher took the ball from Harwood on the ancient "Statue of Liberty" play, and raced around his own right flank for a thrilling score. The conversion attempt failed, and the boys of Latin were out in front 12-0. The third period ended at this

point.

The final B. L. S. score was tallied by "Billy" Gallagher, who intercepted a desperation pass on the Latin 40 and romped sixty yards for the touchdown. Much to the chagrin of the Latin fans, the first touchdown of the season against us was registered when Ratto of Dorchester carried the kickoff 70 yards into the end zone. Ironically, the score was chalked up against the second-stringers, who had just been inserted into the game. The only other noteworthy event in the final period was a sparkling twenty-six-yard run by "Bert" Rodman, who was outstanding in the second team backfield.

The lineup follows:

Left End—Regan, Turley.

Left Tackle—Brown, J. O'Neil, Del Bianco.

Left Guard — Sternburg, Murphy, Shields.

Center—A. O'Connor, E. O'Neil

Right Guard—Kolovson, Hunter.

Right Tackle—J. O'Neil, Nelson.

Right End—Donovan, O'Malley.

Quarterback—Gallagher, Darman.

Left Half Back—Garvin, Rodman.

Right Half Back—Dacey, Tessier.

Fullback—Harwood, Collins.

(Believe It or Not).

To date the Latin machine has manufactured 10 touchdowns, but only two extra points. Many games have been won and lost by dint of this seemingly unimportant item. . . . On "Billy" Gallagher's third touchdown jaunt, there was no Dorchester player within 30 yards of him as he crossed the last white line. Perhaps Bill is the Latin School version of the "Chattanooga Choo Choo" . . . For a little man, Walter Harwood can really hit that line; in fact, he looks like a midget tank in action. . . . "Pete" Garvin leaves nothing to be desired as a kicker. He got off several "lovely" boots inside the Dorchester 10-yard line. Not bad, not bad!

BEST STORY OF THE MONTH

One day Connie Mack, manager of the Athletics, returned from squirrel-hunting up in the Carolina hills. However, his hunting-bag was empty, as he wasn't able to shoot a single squirrel. As he neared his lodge, he espied a mountain boy coming down the mountain with a bagful of squirrels without even a gun in his hand. Amazed, Connie went over to him and asked him how he caught all those squirrels without a gun.

"Waal," replied the mountain boy, "I jest pick up a rock in ma left hand, and let it fly."

"Incredible," murmured Mr. Mack. Just then a squirrel happened by. The boy picked up a rock in his left hand and promptly knocked the squirrel cold.

"Why, that's amazing," cried Mr. Mack. "Young fellow, you sign up with the Athletics, and I'll make you the greatest southpaw in the game."

"But, mister, I'm not left-handed."

"What? Then why do you hit those squirrels with your left hand?"

"Waal, ef'n Ah hit 'em with ma right hand, Ah'd mangle 'em too bad."

M. G. K.

ALUMNI NOTES

With so many high school graduates now serving in the armed forces, it is interesting to note how many Latin School Alumni have distinguished themselves on the field of battle. . . . Second Lieutenant Philip E. Conroy, '40, in the Marine Air Corps—has already had two narrow escapes from death in the South Pacific, despite the fact that he had received his wings only on April 30th last. . . . Ensign Stephen J. Joyce, '31, of the U. S. N., has been reported missing in action by the Navy in the South Pacific. . . . Lee H. Demeter has just been advanced to the rank of captain in the U. S. Army. He is stationed at present at Camp Davis, N. C. . . . Captain Frederick A. Keyes, '37, is an Army Commando (Ranger). . . . Bernard Berger, '42, is an aviation cadet in the U. S. Army Air Corps. . . . Lieutenant (J. G.) George M. Halliburton, '37, is a pilot in the U. S. Naval Reserve. . . . Another ex-Latinite leatherneck is John A. Sarjeant, '39, a second lieutenant now stationed at Quantico, Va. . . . P. F. C. Arthur J. Fotch, '37, U. S. A., has been awarded the D. S. C. for saving the life of a U. S. Marine on Guadalcanal Island. . . . P. F. C. Morris Land, '37, has been reported missing in action in the Sicilian Area since July 13, after having been overseas about a year. . . . Major Benjamin C. Bowker, '29, has been assigned to the Office of Technical Information at

the headquarters of the Army Ground Forces in Washington, D. C., to serve as executive officer there. . . . Lieutenant (J. G.) George Rosenfeld, '35, is now stationed at Cornell University in the research department, after serving under Captain Edward Ellsberg in charge of the building schedule of "D. E." boats, "P. T." boats, and similar craft all over the country. . . . Bernard Francis O'Brien, '41, well known for his speed on the cinders, has embarked on his V-12 Course at Brown. When he finishes, he will be sent to a midshipman's school. . . . Gerald McMorrow, '37, a Naval Aviation Cadet, has been transferred to Pensacola, Fla., from Squantum for advanced flight training. Thus far he has logged 107 hours of flying. . . . Frederick W. Roche, '32, now in foreign service in the Army, has been promoted to the rank of first lieutenant. He was commissioned second lieutenant at Camp Lee, Va., in July, 1942. . . . Another "shavetail" is Francis Sanderson, '29, now stationed at Washington, D. C. . . . Not all B. L. S. Alumni are in the armed forces. A few notes on the others follow: John C. Dowling, '01, after a brilliant career of public and charitable service, died recently at the age of 60, and was buried in Hollyhood Cemetery, Brookline. . . . On the Dean's list at Brown University is Albert W. Sedar, Latin School, '39. . . .



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